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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The vexed question of music in churches has been productive of some interesting, and, to the unbiassed mind, exceedingly amusing, correspondence in the "Standard." Bishop Mitchinson—who, as the originator of the controversy carried on with so much spirit under the title "Uncongregational Singing," has materially helped to brighten not only the dulness of the silly season, but also the pages of our never too lively contemporary—belongs apparently to that now fast disappearing class which regards the development of music in our churches as an evil—necessary, perhaps, but by no means harmless. Unable to banish the thing, he "endures" it, "just as we endure Deans and Chapters for 'auld lang syne' sake." "It is to be presumed," he continues, "that at one time parish clerks had their use, but 'every dog has his day,' and they had theirs. They disappeared because experience showed that their usurpations of the responses, &c., formed an effectual bar to the people taking their due share in public worship." Now we are not greatly prejudiced in favour of the Parish Clerk. His inflections, as even the most charitable—or the least critical—will admit, were generally characterised by a machine-like monotony, and even his pronunciation was seldom "up to date;" but surely it is a little hard to accuse him of being an "effectual bar" to congregational response. No one who has ever endured to the end of a two hours' service in the good old days—when the glory of the Parish Clerk was at its zenith—will refuse to acknowledge the emphatic, not to say aggressive earnestness of his "Amen," or pre-

tend for one moment that the silence of the congregation arose from want of zeal on the part of this now despised functionary. We venture therefore to raise a feeble protest against the ingratitude which would thus brand him with a bad name—even though it be possible to speak of him as a dog who has "had his day." For surely the apathy of congregations, which marked the services of the past, is not to be laid at the door of the Parish Clerk! For our own part we had always thought it due rather to the absence of a good organist and a capable choir. Where these exist and "Amens threefold, sevenfold, and manifold," as the Bishop graphically puts it, are sung, there, it had seemed to us, were the voices of the congregation most audible. But the Bishop says 'tis not so—that "congregations are perforce again becoming dumb-dogs," and that "the standard of rebellion will have to be raised"—that the dumb-dogs, we suppose, may howl.

This is not perhaps quite the language or the sentiment one is accustomed to associate with the beatific rustle—we had almost written frou-frou—of lawn-sleeves; it is therefore not altogether astonishing that the good Bishop's letter should have called forth the protests of many earnest Churchmen. But if strength reside in unity, then is there little to be hoped for from their letters, for the sentiments expressed are as diverse as were the tongues at the building of Babel. One Gregorian enthusiast, whose complacency is altogether enviable, writes that Bishop Mitchinson "had no doubt in mind the Anglican Church music with its four-part double chants and elaborated canticles (*sic*) which it is practically impossible for a congregation singing in unison to follow." "But," he continues, "no such difficulty exists where Gregorian music is used." Another, who signs himself "A Layman"—and whose iconoclastic zeal has extended even to his own grammar—writes:—"Let us drop, . . . above all, that barbaric anachronism Gregorian Tones!" A third, probably a lineal descendant of Sir Anthony Absolute, asserts that "the old modes were very good in their time and way. So were the flint and tinder box." Ah! these Anglican and Gregorian folk never did, and never will love each other. Never—never!

"So long as the florid compositions in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' are allowed to usurp the place of our fine old Psalm tunes, so long will congregations have to remain mute during the singing," writes one who signs himself "Musicus." "To expunge the beautiful 'Ancient and Modern Hymns' from use is a step likely to be most fatal to the truest interest of the Church and her devoted worshippers—orthodox or heterodox, answers a Mr. F. F. Pelham. "So far from the choir casting off the congregation," says another correspondent with more energy than grace, "I have often heard such singing from the congregation as has almost entirely drowned the choir," after which one can only hope they were able to swim. Several correspondents state that they have written to certain clergymen on the subject of the music heard in their churches, and one even complains that the "churlish priest" to whom he wrote, took no notice of his communication. The Church numbers, at all events, one wise man among her children.

A correspondent, who writes to us *à propos* of Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler's lecture on "Woman in Music," which was printed in our columns a fortnight ago; says: "While admitting that the question of the possibility of a great female composer is one of the 'solvitur ambulando' sort, and cannot be decided by *a priori*

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reasoning, I think we are a little too apt to forget or ignore what woman has done, and, still more, is even now doing in the department of music. Mrs. Bloomfield might have greatly strengthened her case by quoting a few more names of living or lately-deceased female composers. Let me recall a few. In England there were Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mrs. Meadows-White, both of whom produced works of considerable merit; and among the living have we not Miss Maude Valérie White, Miss Rosalind Ellicott, and Miss Ethel M. Smyth, several of whose compositions have been thought worthy to be produced at the "Kammermusik-abende" of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, and some of whose songs were very favourably noticed by a distinguished German critic under the impression that they were the work of a male composer. Does not France boast of the talents of Mdle. Augusta Holmès, Mme. Pauline Viardot, and the Baroness de Maistre? Does Italy know nothing of Carolina Ferrari, and how many male composers does Scandinavia boast who have produced more charming things than some of the songs and piano pieces of Mme. Backer-Grøndahl? It may be that none of these names can be placed in the first class, or even perhaps very high up in the second; but when we reflect that it is only within the life-time of this generation that a female musician has begun to be tolerated in any other capacity than as a singer, I think the amount of talent developed in the time may well make us hesitate before condemning the sex to hopeless mediocrity. How many people would have believed fifty years ago that a lady could lead a classical quartett as Mme. Neruda (Lady Hallé) habitually does? And probably the almost universal feeling that for a woman to shine as a musician was "unladylike," has had a more depressing influence than even the lack of thorough musical training. *Tout vient à qui sait attendre*, and I do not think we need yet despair of the coming of a great female composer. But even if we never get the long-expected first-class one, why need we be always depreciating the excellent ones we do get because they do not reach the highest standard?"

* *

Not long ago we found it needful to express in energetic terms our strong dissent from certain views on conductors and conducting which appeared in certain Scottish and American contemporaries. The subject, which has apparently as many lives as a London cat, has recently cropped up again in other directions. The Brussels "Guide Musical" is running a series of articles on this topic by M. Maurice Kufferath, in which certain opinions of the eminent Flemish composer, M. Benoit, are quoted. We postpone for the present all consideration of these, as they treat of matters now being discussed in our columns, and shall quote two opinions, one from an "interview" with Mr. W. H. Neave, a Scotch-American musician, one of the vice-presidents of the M.T.N.A.; and another from an article on "Jullien," by "J. A. B.," which appears in this month's "British Bandsman." Mr. Neave is reported to have said:—

"In my opinion, the duty of a musical conductor, popular or professional opinion notwithstanding, ends as soon as a performance begins; the direction then becomes individual, singly and collectively, with the performers. It is apposite to state that a teacher is merely a guide, not a master. His aim should be to conduct those under his direction to a condition of absolute self-reliance, instead of keeping them wholly dependent—like cripples—clinging to him for support. . . . Thus a conductor might—and should—after directing a simultaneous attack, sit down, rising only to guide into changes of tempo. Unfortunately too many conductors seem to think that they must be doing something during the whole performance by incessant time beating and frenzied gesticulations as if the performers were ciphers, mere puppets, wholly de-

pendent on these antics for motive power; while, in fact, this dramatic display is the false but delusive pretence of the inefficiency and overshadowing vanity of those who do but little in building up, but much in pulling down. Moreover, this overacting lowers the performers—and conductor likewise—in the minds of all thoughtful people. The effectiveness of conducting or training is most apparent when demonstrative direction is least needed or displayed in public performance."

Thus Mr. Neave. Now let us hear "J. A. B." :—

"Jullien was a man who suffered from opposition and ridicule during the whole of his career, but I have had the honour of playing under his *bâton*, and I not only remember what he did in the way of introducing music and musicians, but I unhesitatingly assert that with all his peculiarities and study of the picturesque he was the best conductor I ever played under. He was full of tricks, but to his orchestra they meant something easily understood, and one felt it was impossible to go wrong. For instance, there may be a *crescendo* in a part—some not too-attentive performers occasionally overlook such marks, but the "Great Mons" (as "Punch" always called him) would act a *crescendo* in such a manner that you were bound to play with him."

This, coming from an orchestral player, is significant. It is surely obvious that, however highly trained a band may be, the effects decided upon beforehand by the conductor will be carried out with much more unanimity and energy if he encourage and impel his men by significant looks and gestures than if he merely beat the time with the passionless accuracy of a metronome.

* *

From the time of the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice" downwards, the art of Parody has lacked neither votaries, admirers, nor detractors. The latter, reflecting that the author of the "Batrachomyomachia" remains still unknown, may derive perhaps a crumb of comfort from the hope that his anonymity was due to consciousness of the enormity of his crime. To be handed down the ages as "the man who parodied Homer" was a fate from which indeed the boldest might have shrunk, while if he were in truth the originator of Parody—as some maintain—his reticence could still more easily be understood. The modern parodist has no such scruples—he is not ashamed of his "dreadful trade." Reverence having fallen from her high estate, and the smart paragraphist installed in her place, the parodist has no longer any cause to shrink from the acknowledgment of his offspring; nay, the author of a successful "travesty" is generally assured of results which, measured by pay and popularity, are far in excess of those achieved by the author whom, for his own base purposes, he has turned topsy-turvy. It is all very well to say that works which are parodied suffer nothing in the process: the assertion is only a half-truth. The *work*, truly, remains intact; but the estimation in which it is held by average minds cannot fail to suffer. A few, perhaps, there are whose admiration for a great work may not be diminished by their enjoyment of a parody of it; but, upon the many, the evil effect of parody in general cannot, we fear, be doubtful.

* *

Robert Browning, it appears from a letter recently made public, was of those who disliked this form of "art." In December, 1888, he wrote to Mr. Walter Hamilton, who had asked the poet's consent to quote a few lines from two of his most popular poems to illustrate some parodies:—

"Sir: In reply to your request for leave to publish two of my poems along with 'parodies' upon them, I am obliged to say that I disapprove of every kind of 'parody' so much that I must beg to be excused from giving any such permission. My publisher will be desired to enforce compliance with my wish if necessity should arise.—Believe me, Sir, yours obediently, ROBERT BROWNING."

The significance of this, coming from one whom even his enemies

would hesitate to charge with lack of humour, needs no enforcement here. The utterance will give heart to many who, sick of protesting, had resigned themselves to the flippancy of the time; and, taken with the cheering fact that Burlesque is also on the wane, may here and there, perhaps, revive the hopes of some pessimist *malgré lui* who has not yet lost all faith in the virtue of resistance.

* *

The murmurings of a storm are beginning to be heard which threatens to destroy the peace that reigns around Bayreuth and in the Wagnerite camp. According to the "Guide Musicale," an eminently sound and sensible Wagnerite organ, there are very many of the faithful who look forward with much anxiety and dissatisfaction to the production of "Tannhäuser" next year, "according to the Paris version." This version, it is well known, differs from the original one, with which we are all familiar, chiefly by the great development given to the revels at the Court of Venus (if we may so describe them), which are elaborated into something like a grand ballet treated in an almost ultra-Parisian fashion. This extra music, which was written in 1860, some fifteen years after the original production of the work, is in a very much more elaborate and highly-coloured style than the rest of the opera; and it is feared by many—and apparently not without some reason—that its introduction will produce an effect of incongruity which will not only be unpleasing in itself, but will violate that harmony of total effect which is so marked a principle of all the composer's work. It will be interesting to see, by the light of the Wagner-Liszt correspondence, how the author himself regarded the matter when the offer to produce his work at Paris was first made to him. In a letter to Liszt, dated 29th March, 1860, he says: "I return to Paris to-day in order to have a closer view of my brilliant misery. M. Royer wants a large ballet for the second act of 'Tannhäuser:' you may imagine how I relish the idea. . . . I must see whether I can get rid of this ballet, otherwise I shall of course withdraw 'Tannhäuser.' For six months we hear no more on the subject, but it is clear that in this interval Wagner had determined to rewrite the Venus-scene and develop the revels. He says, 'I take great delight in the rewriting of the great Venus-scene, and hope to improve the effect thereby. The ballet scene also will be executed on the larger scale designed by me.' But he did not even then begin to write the music, for three months later, on December 15th, he says: 'For Tannhäuser I have still to score the grand new scene for Venus, and to compose the whole of the Venusberg dance music. How this is to get done in time without a miracle I fail to perceive.' After this there is no further allusion, but it is known that the report that 'there was no ballet in the opera' had something to do with the hostility shown to it even before production. It would be a comical perversity, if after being once wrecked 'because there was no ballet in it,' the opera should now be unpopular because there is one.

* *

Happy Wales! Madame Patti has added a Bijou Opera House to her palace at Craig-y-nos, and where there is an opera house there must be operatic performances, and when that opera house is owned by a Patti—well, is it not clear as a Welsh spring?—Breconshire enthusiasts will be invited to witness the great *diva* in her leading characters, and poor Londoners will not be able to get so much as a gallery ticket! Think of it! Think of it! Although termed a "bijou" theatre the house is of very respectable size, the auditorium being forty-two feet by twenty-seven, and capable of accommodating an audience of two hundred. The

proscenium is nineteen feet high and twenty feet wide, and the stage has a depth of twenty-four feet, with ample room above and below for mechanical evolutions, and is furnished with all necessary appliances for modern opera. The drop curtain bears a portrait of Madame Patti, as Semiramide, driving a chariot and pair of horses, and—shade of Wagner!—in the centre panel of the proscenium is placed the name of Madame Patti's favourite composer, Rossini. The building has not yet passed out of the decorators' hands, but, apparently, to try its acoustic qualities a performance of Mr. W. F. Hulley's comic opera, "The Coastguard," was given on the 21st inst. with entirely satisfactory results. The theatre will be formally opened next year, when Madame Patti will sustain a part in a favourite opera, and Mr. Henry Irving will also assist. The moral of all of which is, Wagner may have his Bayreuth, but Rossini has his Craig-y-nos!

* *

There is yet another world for "Sarah" to conquer. M. Sardou has finished his revision of M. Moreau's play, "Cléopâtre," which has been written for Madame Bernhardt, who it appears long ago expressed a wish to personate the character of the "Serpent of old Nile." The play is arranged in five acts and six tableaux. In the first, Antony is presiding at the Court of Justice in the "Place of Tarsus;" the second takes place in the Grand Hall of the Palace of Memphis; the third is on the terrace of the same; in the fourth, Antony is seen in a small house which he has made his headquarters, and to which Cleopatra obtains admission by means of the well-known carpet; the fifth takes place in Cleopatra's garden, and the sixth represents the interior of the Pyramid in which Cleopatra submits to the bite of the asp. As death from the venom of this reptile is a slow process, much delight is in store for the admirers of "realism" in art. The pleasure of seeing Madame Bernhardt die—slowly too!—will no doubt induce many to cross the Channel.

* *

Mr. John Towers, formerly "solo boy" at the Manchester Cathedral, and for twenty years a teacher of singing in that city, last year accepted an invitation from the Music Teachers' National Association of America to lecture before them on "Modern Singers and Singing;" was, in consequence, offered the post of director of the vocal department of the new School of Music, Indianapolis; and has, it appears, since his assumption of the post in September last, earned golden opinions from all with whom he has come in contact. At the recent M.T.N.A. banquet he proposed the toast of the evening, and was appointed chairman of the "Resolutions" Committee.

* *

The following anecdote of Gluck has started on its travels. If not altogether new, it is sufficiently little known to be worth at any rate one week's lodging in these hospitable pages. Some one asked the master what he liked best in the world. "Three things," replied Gluck: "money, wine, and fame." "What," said his questioner, "you put fame after money and wine? That cannot be; you are not sincere." "I could not be more sincere," said the master. "With money I can buy wine; wine awakens my genius; my genius gives me fame. You see I am right."

* *

Mr. Walter van Noorden has been engaged as conductor of the Ilma Norina Grand Opera Company, which will begin a tour in the provinces early in September, with a *répertoire* including "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," and, among other operas, Mr. Bond Andrews's "Rose of Windsor."

MODERN PIANISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I am indeed ill-disposed to interpose once more in the deeply-interesting controversy now raging in your columns with respect to what may be the ideal of the pianist's art; but a fear that musicians may be driven to split themselves into two camps, the Conservative and the Liberal—or, as the signatures to two of your letters imply, the "Antiquary" and the "Radical"—impels me to ask your contributors to declare a truce—one that shall be based, perhaps, more upon a general sense of musical patriotism than upon any definite articles of artistic faith.

I venture to say that few or none of us can dissent from what "Norfolk Broad," in his admirable introspection, has allowed us for our ideal:—"The impression of beauty in its widest sense; beauty in the form of the work itself, beauty in the vision it brings." How, then, shall we best endeavour to realise this sense of beauty both for ourselves and for others in our performance of the composer's work: is each one of us to allow idiosyncrasies of our individual taste, feeling, and style of interpretation to affect us in that performance; or shall we not rather, by considering each composer as a trustee for his art, seek to obtain from his composition the realisation of that which is highest from the point of view of art?

The former view would indubitably, owing to the innumerable characteristics of players, open the road to a host of changes which must in the end by their very multitude sadly mar the spirit of the composer for whom the performer on his part, too, is a trustee; whereas the latter view, by clinging to art and art only, will make of each composition a veritable reflex not merely of the composer's intention as he has fulfilled that intention, but as art, the mistress of his sentiment, would, judging from the musical expression of his intention, have him fulfil it. And here's the rub: to whom shall we entrust on behalf of art the revision of the composer's creation? Only to those, I dare to think, who by their experience, by their artistic wisdom, and by their intimate appreciation of the composer's style are enabled to pronounce first of all a fair decision upon the standard of art to be applied; and, next, to base upon that standard the exercise of an intense discretion as to the perfect consummation which the particular composition as a work of art may assume. Messrs. Liszt, Bülow, and Tausig, in taking upon themselves this enormously responsible task in relation to the pianoforte compositions of others undertook a task which from its quasi-sacred character must to them have been surrounded with greater difficulties than the transference upon paper of the products of their own musical imagination. Let us then view their revisions with indulgence, and extend to their suggestions the credit of the exercise of that discretion of which I have spoken. They have inscribed their amendments upon the lofty banner of art, and not upon the tablet of the human imagination, *varium et mutabile semper*.

Again, what has been the standard of art applied by the three great pianist-musicians named? It is, I think, this: that no musical composition is of necessity perfect in itself, but that its value as art is proportionate to its powers of suggestion. This capacity of suggestion is what distinguishes to the æsthetic sense the difference in all art between the good and the bad: it is that which enhances to the level of the infinite the Violin Chaconne of Bach and the first movement of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven: it is that which elevates the musical composition from its structure in the concrete to its palace in the abstract.

Now, Sir, the greatness of the artist, as of his art, may be measured by the limits that in his composition have been assigned to its suggestiveness: on the one hand, the more enlarged those limits the more perfect is his work; and on the other hand, the more confined this capacity for suggestiveness the less does the work approximate to the ideal of the art; shall we not therefore, when in the opinion of our art-judges these important powers of suggestion have fallen short in a particular composition, permit them at their responsible discretion to make those amendments which they deem necessary to impart the final touch of perfect art? For example in most of the pianoforte compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms, we find this power of suggestion at its culmination; art can no further go. But in the pianoforte works of Schubert and Weber (and very possibly Mendelssohn) we meet with passages which leave room for enhancement of suggestion whether for musical significance or for mere brilliancy, and these have accordingly been touched by the hand of Liszt, the greatest artist, intellectual or brilliant, among piano players.

Now, Sir, may not peace be signed in this musical contention between your contributors upon the terms in the first place that the standard of "the impression of beauty in its widest sense" is co-terminous with the standard of art, and that the standard of art is the capacity and power of the suggestion of the art-work; in the second place that the composer is but a trustee for his art, and the performer consequently at one and the same time a trustee as well for his art as for the composer.

One word, Sir, before I close, as to "Antiquary's" question: "And, after all, why should we try to invest the old masters with the spirit of the new?" The reason is that music, like literature, seeks to make all ages its own, to sip the honey and absorb the essence of the rich images of composers of all time: similarly the great compositions of the present are not merely a phase of contemporary musical history, but will be projected upon the vast future of a universal art.

With all deference and humility, Sir, I commend these propositions to yourself and your readers, and remain,

Yours truly,

H. R. L.

Braemar, N.B., 21st August, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Your new correspondent, "Habitans in Sicco," refers so pointedly to the views I have recently expressed in your columns that I feel sure your readers will bear with me if, picking up the gauntlet thus thrown down, I attempt to defend myself, as best I may, from being misunderstood. He quotes my statement that "the artist's mood presents itself to the world in the form of a piece of music," and then says: "But either the mood must remain the same throughout, which would be a mood in which very few pieces of great music have been written, or the mood must be constantly changing in accordance with the requirements of the musical treatment, which is in fact a submission to some element apart from the composer's mood at the time of writing." Now, when I wrote "a piece of music" I meant the term in a general sense, and intended it to describe anything from a phrase of two bars' length to the first movement of a symphony. Why not? The point I wished to emphasize at the time was that musical phrases born in the mind of a great composer resulted from his desire to express something. Now that which man wishes to express must be either a concept or a feeling, or may be both together. It will be better to distinguish these as Thoughts and Emotions. Words express emotions only indirectly, by giving names to them. Talk to me of "joy," "grief," "despair," &c., and I have to realise, as well as my experience and imagination will enable me, the emotions those words represent. Music, on the other hand, expresses these emotions and countless others (both simple and compound) directly. Without the aid of words, and indeed much better than they could possibly do, music can convey from man to man the emotions of joy, grief, despair, &c. If anyone denies this he proves only that music conveys nothing to him, which is his misfortune. But as we do not derive our notions of physical perfection from the blind, the deaf, the halt, or the maimed, neither can we, I submit, accept as standards of psychological perfection those who confess themselves to be lacking in a power possessed by large numbers of their fellows.

Music, then, conveys emotion as words do thought, i.e., directly: and it conveys thought as words do emotion, i.e., indirectly. The power of words to arouse emotion depends upon the imagination of the hearer: and so does the power of music to arouse thought. A piece of music, though conveying the same emotion to different hearers, will awaken thoughts of very different kinds: a group of words, though conveying the same thoughts to different hearers, will awaken emotions of very different kinds.

But, it will, perhaps, be said, the power of words to convey thoughts depends purely on convention. We have agreed that such and such a word shall mean so and so, and therefore we understand it. But how can music, which consists of sound, convey directly that which is not sound, i.e., emotion? To answer this fully would take more space than is now available; but I need only remind those whom it may concern that emotions make themselves known to our consciousness by a large number of characteristics which are to be found also in music. This applies not only to our own emotions as experienced by us, but to the emotions of others as they manifest themselves to us by outward signs and sounds, the latter of which are imitated by music in a variety of ways patent to all but the deaf.

The fact that music may also be regarded, apart altogether from

its emotional power, as "*The art of designing by means of sound*" should not here be ignored, for its emotional message can be conveyed only by means of a musical pattern or design (technically called a theme or melody), and this, it is to be feared too often induces the unwary or superficial to suppose that the making of this pattern was the sole object of the composer. Again, let me say that in asserting the production of a beautiful pattern to be due chiefly to the composer's desire to *express something* I speak only of composers of a certain rank. Any mere musician can make a more or less pleasing musical "pattern," i.e., a tune; and of course any idiot can make noises expressive of intense emotion. It is, however, only when the musical expression of an emotion results in the production of a beautiful pattern that we call the music "great," and on examination it will be found that all music which the world has agreed to call so fulfils these two conditions.

It must be remembered, however, that the power of music to express emotion definitely (that is to say, so that one emotion can be distinguished from another) has only been acquired by degrees, and by the successive efforts of great composers. It is, therefore, possible to bring forward a large number of works, which, though expressive, are not very definite in emotional meaning. They may, it is true, be divided broadly into grave and gay, lively and severe, but that is about all. You have yourself, Sir, quite recently quoted a paragraph from Schumann which admirably states this fact. It will be found on p. 651 in your issue for August 16th.

Having, I hope, made myself clear thus far, it remains for me to say that I used the word "mood" in my former letter as a synonym for "emotion." The last named term would have been preferable. "Mood" suggests longer continuance than "emotion," and this, though often exhibited in pieces of music is not essential to my contention. With regard to the difficulty experienced by "H. in S." in understanding how a long piece of music can be constructed out of one mood or emotion, I would reply, it very seldom, if ever, is. Each principal theme being subjected to continual change of treatment (both as a whole and as regards details of it) becomes emotional in a double sense. We recall its original character and we follow its emotional vicissitudes, if I may so call them, with something of the interest we take in the events of a drama. For surely there is a logic of emotion as well as of thought. This will be granted all the more readily when it is remembered that Programme Music is the outcome of this increasing definiteness of emotional power. The older composers, it is certain, often had a programme in their minds, though they left hearers to imagine their own. Later writers have been less reticent. But programme music has much to answer for. It has brought ridicule on the divine art. Clever writers—Hood at their head, I regret to say—professing to believe that modern musicians claimed for music the power of representing pictures of visible objects; and, carefully avoiding the distinction between images and the emotions they call up, got any amount of "smart copy" out of the misrepresentation; and, as, unfortunately, the explainers and expounders of Wagner thoughtlessly played into the hands of the flippant ones by labelling Wagner's *leit motiven* with names of visible objects which, of course, they do not, because they cannot, depict, a number of otherwise sensible folks refuse to believe that music can express anything at all. It does not occur to them that anything can be definite unless it be somehow connected with a visible object. "Habitans in Sicco" has himself tumbled head first into this pitfall. Speaking of a passage in Mendelssohn's "Meerestille" overture which the composer said was suggested to him by the notion of a funny old man sitting in the stern of the ship, and blowing with his puffed out cheeks to fill the sails, "H. in S." says: "Ergo, if it were possible for a conductor to perform this passage in such a manner as to suggest this idea that would be according to 'Z' an ideal performance, inasmuch as it exactly realised 'the composer's intention.'" Mendelssohn probably said this in joke, for he knew as well as any one that it was quite beyond the power of music to express such things, and the fact that he spoke in reply to a noodle who said that the passage in question seemed to represent "love by force of energy fulfilling his own desires" makes this explanation more probable still. Mendelssohn was at all times admirable as an administrant of the snub good-natured.

"H. in S." grows witty, too, over a supposition which he puts as follows: "Berlioz, for instance, was a person who habitually gave violent expression to his feelings; and I could conceive that the passage which represented (perhaps) his indignation at an ill-cooked chop or a band that played out of tune might seem to me to represent the emotions excited by the French Revolution at the end of all things." Does not "Habitans in

Sicco" see that this is all beside the mark? The music would express "indignation"—nothing more. Whether the cause of that indignation were the French Revolution, the end of all things, an ill-cooked chop or a missing shirt-button, it would be impossible to say without access to information other than that afforded by the music.

With regard to the question of interpretation, I should like to say a few words, even though I cannot help feeling uncomfortable at the growing length of this letter. It should be remembered that such questions could never arise at all were it not for the imperfection of all the systems hitherto devised for the representation to the eye of effects addressed, in the first instance, to the ear. Compare spoken with written language! Where is the system of signs by which we may perpetuate the accents, the cadences, the inflections, the metrical complexities, the changes of timbre, commanded by a Sara Bernhardt, a Salvini, or an Irving? Or, when music is concerned, where shall we seek the notation that shall place before our eyes with unmistakable precision the subtle varieties of touch and accent, the innumerable *rallentandos* and *accelerandos* (sometimes affecting but a couple of notes) of a Rubinstein, a Joachim or a Richter—a Patti, a Sarasate or a Pachmann?

It follows that no written or printed piece of music represents the complete intention of the composer, any more than the written or printed aspect of a speech in "Macbeth" includes the whole of Shakespeare's meaning. It is true that a large number of expression-marks in the one case, and a rough system of punctuation in the other may here and there have induced exceptionally shallow brains to overlook the fact now emphasized; but no one who has ever considered the matter will contend that, by faithful adherence to the text, the interpreter of a piece of music will arrive at the complete expression of a composer's intention. Much more is of course necessary, and this must be supplied by the executant. I can imagine the triumphant yells and delighted skippings with which some of my opponents will greet this statement, which at first sight seems to take me farther than ever from my starting point—the "composer's intention." Bide a wee—my friends—bide a wee! The executant, who has to remedy the deficiencies of our notation, must indeed add to the marks of expression much that is lacking, must give in a finished way what they indicate but in the roughest and crudest manner, in a word, must complete them; and in so far as he does this *without exaggerating* (an important point) we should accept and be thankful. But, if his expression fall short *even of that indicated* by the composer; or if his additions consist of effects which contradict not only the composer's marks, but also the whole spirit of the music, we have a right to complain. If a composer has written a calm, solemn piece, the character of which is unmistakably indicated by its melodic figures, its harmony, and (most probably) by the composer's directions as to speed (*Largo Adagio*, &c.) and power (*f*, *p*, &c.), I object to hear it played in a passionate or agitated style. Or, if the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata is being played I object to hear it rendered with the regularity of an *Etude de Vitesse*. The thing is full of passion and agitation—let it be played accordingly.

That the emotional meaning of *all* music is unmistakable, and, therefore, definite, I have never asserted. In my letter of last week I distinctly stated that the interpreter had freedom in the case of works the emotional character of which was vague and indefinite. What I protest against and shall continue to protest against is the attempted substitution of the performer's emotion for that of the composer, in works the emotional meaning of which is perfectly clear to any one gifted with a musical understanding. I object to this, not only because it is a violation of the "composer's intention," but because of the grotesque result produced by the struggle between two different emotions—one told by the melody, harmony, and general structure of the music; the other by the interpreter. Some there are, nevertheless, who would have us believe that this kind of exhibition is interesting. I think they call it "throwing a new light" on the composer.

Very amusing to me, Sir, is the attitude of certain of your correspondents, who, while strongly condemning the alteration of notes in a classical work would allow considerable latitude to the performer as regards expression. According to these gentlemen the composer's intention is to be religiously respected as far as the pitch, value, and number of the notes is concerned, but, as regards emotional purpose may be dealt with *ad libitum*! I am, of course, aware that in their eyes the composer had no emotional intention, but this makes the position funnier still, for it implies that composers attach more importance to the letter than to the spirit of their works! "Norfolk Broad" alone is consistent—he respects neither the composer nor his text,

nor his intention, nor indeed anything but the "individuality" of the performer.

I remain,
Obediently yours,
Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

Sir: I had hoped sincerely that the last word had been said on Modern Pianism, for I am just now far away from the haunts of the pianist, and would very willingly have forgotten the controversy, and, indeed, everything else that reminds one that the pianist—or his critic—exists at all. I made a good and brave resolution that I, at least, would say no more on the subject. I had, as I thought, said all that I wished to say, for my object in addressing you before has been rather to suggest a standpoint from which your combatants might obtain a somewhat clearer view of art than to join in their controversy. So I took my courage in my hands and said nothing in reply to the criticisms urged by your contributors in your penultimate issue. But last week's number has reached me, and I can hold my peace no longer. For I venture to assure "Anti-Gush" that my home is *not* in Heaven—for the present, at all events; and I thirst with a very earthly thirst for the scalps of my enemies. Unfortunately they will not wait to be scalped singly; they surround me with their spear-points, and it is not an easy task (as I am no Arnold von Winkelried) to gather them into one sheaf and so break through their lines. And it is difficult to deal with them *seriatim*, for it seems to me they are by no means unanimous as to the plan of attack.

I will commence with a confession. I must certainly modify the objectionable theory to some extent. For instance, I have as little sympathy as "Anti-Gush" or Mr. Dormer with those who would "improve" a composer's text merely to enable them to exhibit their own powers. It had not occurred to me that it was necessary to admit this; but still, as some misconception exists, let us put it down plainly. Nor have I ever intended to suggest that the composer of a piece of abstract music was never possessed by a dominant impulse, that the dream of which he gave us an expression was not coherent. For, by the way, I totally object to the implication of one of your correspondents that the word "dream" signifies a fragmentary, inchoate, and illusory series of impressions—"a vague jumble" is Mr. Dormer's phrase. And I certainly had not thought it courteous to make such an assumption of juvenility on the part of my opponents as would have been implied in saying that by the word, in this connection, I did not mean a dream of the kind which follows a too liberal consumption of pork-chops. However, the assumption has now to be made; and, to prevent further misconception, I will substitute the word "vision." By what process of reasoning Mr. Dormer discovers that the mission of music, as prompted by a vision of the highest beauty, is thus reduced to the level of that of a cigar or sleeping-draught, the most careful thought does not allow me to know. I had supposed that the tone of my letters would have shown him that by a "dream" I intended to signify the artist's remembrance of his wanderings in the land where the highest beauty has its dwelling-place—or, as a contributor to your paper, in his recent "Fantasy of Art" would say, in the lost Eden. I should like to avoid all appearance of gush, than which nothing is more repugnant to me. But the question, after all, is one which will scarcely bear discussion in the cold light of pure reason—not even the pure reason of Mr. Dormer. In a word, he who discusses the mysteries of art need not, from fear of incurring the charge of gush, hesitate to throw aside the language and the methods which, however appropriate for the analysis of a chemical substance, are inapplicable to the appreciation of beauty. So I will expand the "dream-theory" a little, as follows—premising, once more (for the benefit of Mr. Dormer), that by a "dream" I do not mean "a vague jumble of incoherent ideas," but a vision of the highest beauty.

I will say: It may be assumed that our composer has a distinct recollection of the vision which has been granted him in his "Eden Revisited," and that that recollection is present to him as he writes; so that his music, to begin with, grows out of the more or less definite picture which he has brought back. Sir, let me say in passing, that the views put forward in the admirable letter bearing the signature of "Habitans in Siccio" seem to me (and I have enjoyed a not inconsiderable acquaintance with artists of all sorts, and know something of their ways) much more plausible than those propounded—with a complacent certainty which is, to me, much less convincing—by "Z," who makes no allowance for that passionate delight in formal beauty and skill of workmanship which is one of the most noticeable features of the painter and musician alike. But

here comes the rock on which all vessels seem like to split. "Z" and his co-adjutors in the noble work of circumscribing the scope of art say that there is nothing in a piece of abstract music but the initial picture, or germ; that the mood in which it was written is the only mood which it ought to awake in the listener; that the infinite possibility of suggestion which "Habitans in Siccio" and myself discern is wicked and inappropriate, and ought not to be indulged. I say again ("if I say it three times it is true," as the Bellman remarks in "The Hunting of the Snark") that the real question around which all this controversy revolves is, What we expect from a work of art? I am driven to believe that those who are content with one meaning in a work of art are so because, having no wings, they cannot soar; having no imagination, they cannot dream. It is natural that such should wish to fetter the imagination of others who are not content to be tied by the leg to one spot, however beautiful. This is where we differ. I am willing to cross the same bridge, to be led to the spot (if it be discoverable—that is the difficulty) on which my artist stood when the angel touched his eyes and the scales fell from them; I am content to see the land from that place—but afterwards I want to be free to roam. The chief thing is to enter the Land of Dreams, which entry (to quote your Fantasist again) can only be accomplished through the artist. In this regard, Sir, I cannot help thinking of a certain parable put forward by the greatest Artist of all (I mean no irreverence, for, in my eyes, the title is the highest which can be won or granted). To the labourer who had borne the burden and heat of the day the same reward was given as to him who had worked but an hour. "Unto each man a penny." And why? Because, though, as men judge, the reward was unequal, yet each man was well paid; for every coin bore the name and superscription of the King. So it seems that it is of little account that you and I should have precisely the same vision that Beethoven or any other had; the one thing needful is that the dream granted to each should be of the authentic Eden. I wish to stand where he stood, not so much from any slavish idolatry as from a desire to look upon the same world; for I remember that, however beautiful the kingly vision may have been, that which he *told* is but an infinitesimal part of that which remains to be seen. And it is the great artist's business to lead me within the gates where I may wander myself among the angels. But this is—so says Mr. Dormer—to reduce art to the level of the cigar or the sleeping-draught! I am content to leave your readers to judge between us.

So I am now willing to admit that it is right, in some instances, and for some people, to say that there is but one meaning for a piece of abstract music. Right in this sense: that, to start with, the composer had a definite picture before him; and that, for some people of limited imaginative powers, one should seek to discover what that picture was. But, when I remember the enormous complexity of the human imagination, and the subtle varieties of its workings, I am hopeless for the success of all attempts to discover such, where the composer has left us no verbal explanation or directions. Then, however, music ceases to be abstract, and lies beyond the limits of our discussion. The anecdote quoted by "Habitans in Siccio" of Mendelssohn's "Meerestille" overture is certainly *à propos*. It may be supposed that the questioner was a man of average intelligence; nevertheless, his interpretation of the passage was ludicrously at variance with what I would call the "composer's intention"—the dominant quality of humour abundantly present in Mendelssohn's notion of the "funny old man" being conspicuously absent from the suggested interpretation. How, then, are we to arrive at this haven of rest, "The Composer's Intention?"

I do not know, indeed. That there are certain limitations to individuality of interpretation, set by common sense, I am far from denying. Let me take a very possible instance. No character in Shakspeare's plays has excited more controversy than that of Hamlet. Every great actor has essayed it, and with widely different results. But the play-lover of intelligence does not dream (as far as my acquaintance with him enables me to speak) of saying that Irving's, or Booth's, or anybody else's, is the only possible Hamlet. He may have formed his own ideal of the character, and will naturally give preference to that reading which most nearly approaches his own ideal. That is all. For the rest, he is chiefly interested to compare the various readings, to note their coincidences and variances; so long as he is satisfied that each fresh exponent of the part is a real dramatic artist. Here is the common-sense view: if a fresh exponent comes, who shows an utter ignorance of dramatic methods, and an utter inability to comprehend his text, your play-lover simply turns away indifferent. But if the former be the case, and the actor shows himself to be a man of intelligence and sensibility, then we prefer to be shown a new side of the

character, a new conception. We do not want the same view of the part, eternally repeated with exact imitation.

De te, fabula, Mr. "Z," and Mr. Dormer. As long as a pianist (or even an editor) shows himself to be susceptible and sensitive; as long as he does not flagrantly violate the obvious canons of taste, you should be content. If he can present even a sonata by Beethoven in a new light, show you a fresh colour in its scheme, you should have enough for satisfaction. More, speaking for myself (and as I have done so once or twice before, I may perhaps venture to do it again!) I am positively grateful to anyone who can set any emotional truth in a fresh light. And even when, one might suppose, *a priori*, that the new interpreter's temperament would prevent him from entering into close sympathy with a work—as when Sarasate plays the Beethoven concerto—I can take a keen interest in watching an earnest effort made by such an one to interpret such a piece. This, however, is of course a purely personal pleasure which cannot be made the basis of an argument.

So much, Sir, by way of positive criticism. I trust that I have succeeded in making my views clearer than before. Let me turn now to the destructive criticisms (I use the word in its purely technical sense) advanced by Messrs. "Z," "J. S. S.," Dormer, and "Anti-Gush."

"An artist's mood (consciously or otherwise to him)"—says "Z," "presents itself to the world in the form of a piece of music, and, by means of the latter, communicates itself to the listener." That particular mood," adds "Z," "is what I have called the 'Artist's intention.'" My intention, Sir, had been to dissect this curious sentence; but I protest that its terms are so vague, its dislocation so complete that I relinquish the task. But, leaving aside its logical wonder, I cannot for the life of me see how a mood (whether "consciously or otherwise—to him") can with any show of reason be called an intention. I had objected to the latter word as arguing a dogmatic purpose on the artist's part. If Mr. "Z" is simply speaking of the half-unconscious mood in which I believe most abstract music to be written; if he will admit that there need be no wilful and malicious attempt to define a single thought—why, our quarrel is at an end, and we may fall on each other's neck. One of us must play the prodigal's part.

And I think, Sir, that "Anti-Gush" shall be the fatted calf; logic the weapon to compass his death. For surely logic must be very angry at the attempt which "Anti-Gush" has made to distort a phrase of mine. "Try to shut your golden prisoner within rigid walls, and you will lose it utterly;" signifying thereby that the mesh of subtly woven words or notes, by which the poet would keep his captured sunbeams, should never be rigid; that the sunbeam would only shine so long as it was allowed to be part of the outer sunshine. But "Anti-Gush," with a calmness unprecedented, quietly asserts that the notes in which the dream is enwrapped are rigid walls, and thereon he perches triumphantly, having proved me wrong by the simple—but, I fear, ineffective—process of entirely replacing the terms of my metaphor by terms directly contradictory. However, that too is a small matter. He is welcome to perch on the ruins of my subverted metaphor. It is a more serious thing when he tries—with an ingenuity which compels my admiration—to insert this artful sentence: "When the painter's colour begins to fade so does his dream." Let us pass this apparently incontrovertible statement to note how insidiously he endeavours to link thereto this: "The composer's ideas cannot be separated from the notes without loss to the 'former.'" The two statements have nothing in common. When a fresco fades from the crumbling wall of a Venetian palace it is idle to attempt restoration. No other hand could lay the colours so cunningly, or make the forms so fair. But if there were only a single copy of the "Appassionata" in the world, and that were destroyed, does "Anti-Gush" assert that no one should attempt to re-write it, from his memory?

And with regard to the process of "bringing up to date." Here, Sir, is a practical illustration, by which I am content to abide:—Handel, as orchestrated by Mozart. It is acknowledged on all hands that Handel's original orchestration is not only antiquated, but imperfect. Were it played to-day as he left it the effect on the listener would be singularly unpleasant, or, at least, incomplete. The experiment was tried at the last Handel Festival, and we all felt that it was impossible to take more than a student's interest in the piece then played. Now, here is the point. As he stood, Handel would be quite unacceptable to modern ears—but yet he is beautiful. Are we, then, to lose that beauty altogether? or shall we not gratefully accept the work of anyone—whether he be Mozart or Mr. Ebenezer Prout—who can, *even by making additions to the text*, cause that beauty to live for us to-day? Surely common sense indicates the latter plan. You may say, if you like, that the

score thus altered and amended is not Handel. What of that? It is not Handel we want, but beauty. I am not content to see any beautiful thing perish if we can "stay its flight." The world is not so overcrowded with such that we can afford to lose any. Let us by all means put on the *affiches* that "the Messiah" is an "oratorio by Handel + Mozart + Prout" if we wish to be quite accurate; but let us have the "Messiah."

I should have liked, Sir, to discuss with the minuteness which so remarkable a statement perhaps deserves, the assertion of "Z" that "there are two kinds of artists: those whose chief aim is the production of beauty, and those whose chief aim is the communication of an emotion or an idea." Very wisely "Z" declines to discuss the meaning of the word "beauty." Had he done so he would have had to admit, I fear, that the meaning of the word is wide enough to include the second class of artists. "Z" is gracefully dogmatic on the point. I claim my right to be equally dogmatic, and to say that no great artist ever lived who cared—in his highest and sanest moods—to communicate any emotion or idea apart from the beauty either inherent in that emotion or idea or involved in its expression. That is to say, beauty, whether formal or plastic, whether of treatment or of subject, is the artist's chief end.

Finally, Sir, it may be urged against me that the views here expressed on individuality in interpretation would, if generally adopted, render the musical critic, as he is now understood, superfluous. Just so. Instead of saying that a reading was wrong, he would only say that it differed from that which he considered suitable; and he would confine himself, by way of fault-finding, to merely technical and executive points. Of course he would not have so much to say. I am not prepared to assert positively that the musical world would lose.

I am, Sir, &c.

NORFOLK BROAD.

ONE DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: During the past twenty years the Committee of the Hackney Juvenile Mission and Ragged Schools have very gladly provided a day at the seaside or in Epping Forest and a fortnight's holiday into the country for many thousands of children who live in the East-end of London; and now that our Bank Holiday is over we may think of the poor children who did not get their holiday, and in whose death-pale faces and pinched figures are set the marks of overcrowded rooms and slum life generally. Some day, when our London is a fair city for a healthy race to live in, every child may have its meed of fresh air unfiltered through smoke, dust and other foulness; but now, if they get even a few hours of clean and wholesome country breezes and breathing, they will have to thank a thoughtful heart here and there in this very rich and too selfish city of ours.

Some 200 juvenile members of the Mission Band of Hope spent a very enjoyable day at Worthing on July 31st, and the Committee are now anxious to invite the remaining 400 poor girls and boys to Brighton on Thursday, September 4th, and to provide at least one substantial meal; and in addition to this, to send several dozen of delicate and poor children away for a whole fortnight's holiday.

Last year some of your readers were generously led to assist us by practically participating in the pleasure. I now ask them not to boycott this year's appeal; and I especially would invite those who have already taken, and others who are arranging for and anticipating their own summer holidays, to send their contributions for the "Fresh Air for the Children Holiday Fund" to either Mrs. H. Knight, 54, Stanhope-gardens, W.; Rev. W. Tyler, D.D., Pine House, Holloway, N.; John Lobb, Esq., M.L.S.B., Victoria Park-road; John Kirk, Esq., Ragged School Union; F. E. Tozer, Esq., 220, Evering-road, Clapton; John Newman, Esq., 120, Cheapside, E.C.; who will gladly receive subscriptions, or direct to

Yours faithfully,

A. ATHRO KNIGHT,

Joint Founder and Treasurer.

Knightsville Ladies' College, West Brighton,
August 25, 1890.

More memorial tablets! One has been placed on a house at Cremona where the late Lauro Rossi died in 1885, and one on the house at Pampeluna in which Senor Sarasate was born on March 16, 1844.

The Dramatic World.

THE PASSION PLAY.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH AUGUST, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

It has no doubt surprised you that I, whom you have charged with the pleasant duty of reporting on all things dramatic that are worth your seeing in our city of London—that I, your Mus in Urbe, have not as yet followed the example of other dramatic reporters, and told you of the famous play now being acted in the charming and accessible suburb known as Ober Ammergau. (It is but two days' journey, you know, and the return fare five pounds ten, second-class.)

Let me apologise, and atone. I will not attempt to rival the gentlemen who in all the papers have given such picturesque and enthusiastic accounts of the peasants, their homes, their costume, and their acting. But I should like to say a word on a subject that has (so far as I know) been scarcely touched upon; I should like to criticise the Passion Play, as a play.

Many people, I imagine, have not looked upon it in this light at all; they have taken it merely as a stringing-together of scenes from the Gospels, improved perhaps as it has descended through the centuries by the omission of non-essential scenes. They have by no means considered that a play needs a dramatist, nor that the good priest Daisenberger, who bequeathed to us this most famous of Mysteries, was a conscious and intelligent artist, to whose knowledge of his craft the play's survival is greatly due.

But to the student of the drama it is quite clear that Daisenberger, too, had studied: that he worked on a principle, which principle was derived from the works of the classic tragedians. Sophocles does not treat his subject more closely than this excellent dramatist; though the story has all the grandeur of Æschylus, and its telling is not without the "droppings of warm tears" of Euripides the human. (I name Sophocles, though, with a purpose—as my choice of him implies a reservation, to be set forth hereafter.)

Do not think that I wish to place single-play Daisenberger on a level with these great poets. He attempted, it is true, to rival them, and wrote his tragedy in verse; but the common sense of the people kept to the prose which enabled them in great part to use the actual words of Scripture. That which is not scriptural is indeed rather bald; but better the baldest prose than any verse less sublime than Æschylus.

The strength of Daisenberger lies in the firmness with which he has grasped the great Greek principle of the unity of action. You may call his great tragedy a trilogy, if you like, for it is divided into three parts—the first taking you from Christ's entry into Jerusalem to His arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, the second ending with His condemnation by Pilate, and the third containing the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

And throughout all this the action follows logically and without a break: there are a beginning, a middle and an end in the true Aristotelian fashion. A motive is given for the entire play by its very commencement—the driving of the money changers from the Temple by Jesus. Of course we know of the longstanding hatred of the priests and Pharisees for Christ: but here is set before our eyes an obvious and dramatic reason for that revenge which the rest of the play works out. From that first moment scene follows scene necessarily, with an interest which, after the earlier scenes of

farewell, increases constantly. Perhaps if it were an ordinary story that was being told one might not need quite so much of the foreboding of coming death, the leavetakings at Bethany and the Last Supper. But with the divine history here to be set forth there is now not a line of these following scenes that we would be without; the warm love of the mother's parting is needed for the human side of the Divine Tragedy, as the sacred symbols of the Supper are dear and holy to all Christian hearers, who would protest if a word or a ceremony, were omitted.

But, while he has kept all this, it is most noteworthy how the dramatist has refrained from introducing one needless scene, however famous, however telling on the stage it might in itself have been. All the miracles, the Sermon on the Mount, the raising of Lazarus, are rigidly kept out: they are not steps in this story of the Revenge of the Priests—as a modern dramatist might have called his play. On the other hand, the true dramatic touch is seen in the setting-up—more clearly and repeatedly than is done in the Bible—of the name of Moses as an opponent to Christ; the priests knew the value of a war-cry, and the way in which the people are taught to attack "der Feind des Moses" is very true and very telling.

And, in greater matters, the grasp of a great dramatist is felt. Apart from all associations—if one could so look at it—I believe one would feel that here is one of the most sublime, the most thrilling tragedies of all time. There is scene after scene of breathless interest when, after the betrayal in Gethsemane, the triumphant Priests dragging their victim before Pilate are utterly foiled by his calm justice and good nature—when, well as you know what the story's end must be, you cannot help the feeling that this honest Judge will set the prisoner free. Your suspense is as eager as that of the savage Caiaphas, as tearful as the beloved Disciple's without.

And again, all through the Third Part, the story of the Crucifixion is told with a passionate reality that moves others than the simple peasant-hearers to outbursts of hysterical sobbing. The nailing to the Cross, the weeping women and jeering priests; the jolly soldiery, tossing for the garments; the gloom, the earthquake and the lightning, with all their grandeur, and the common words of the thief writhing in agony, as he twists his head to Jesus who hangs on his right hand, and says hoarsely "Hearst thou? If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." All these add to the terror and truth of the scene; and then, when the limbs of the two thieves have been crushed with a great hammer and Christ has been taken down by the faithful ones and borne away, the end is come, there is no needless delay. One brief scene shows the Resurrection and the Ascension; and all is over.

It seems to me that there is no possible irreverence in such a tragedy. I own that I should like to see it acted—of course with the utmost care and thought—here in England. It is, to my thinking, not merely an accidental survival of the rude mystery-play, only tolerable in its native place, among rude and simple surroundings. I think it a work of art, that might find fit audience anywhere in Catholic or Protestant Europe.

With one alteration, I admit. All that I have said of the sequence of its scenes has been said with one mental reservation, now to be set forth.

Daisenberger followed the Greek tragedians, much to his profit on the whole: yet his one mistake—as it seems to me—was probably suggested by the method of Sophocles. That writer was specially wont to interpose choruses very nearly irrelevant between the scenes of his tragedies, presumably as orchestral music is now played, as a relief to the audience strained with attention to a tragic theme. So Daisenberger places before all his eighteen Acts



MR. FRANK R. BENSON

AS "HAMLET."

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From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY.

prologues and choruses, during the singing of which tableaux are shown which illustrate Old Testament stories, forced—often not without visible effort—to forecast the sacred scenes of the tragedy whose Acts they precede. Of the didactic value of this I will not speak; dramatically, I cannot think that its value compensates for the immense addition to the length of the play—which need probably fill hardly more than four hours, and as it stands fills eight. Music in tragedy is, as we know, of incalculable value, and the foreshadowing pictures are beautiful and suggestive; but that they should double the length of the tragedy, should make its swift scenes halt and lose their fervour, cannot be right. A new Daisenberger should arise and sweep away the greater part of these encumbrances—even as his predecessor removed the “comic scenes” which three centuries ago were thought a needful part of all miracle-plays. Then the Devil entered in person, tore open the bowels of the dying Judas, and dragged from them strings of German sausages!

Following the Scriptures closely, as was his wont, Daisenberger omitted the personal Devil, always a comic character in the old mysteries. He could not have drawn human nature as faithfully and vigorously as he has with such interludes as these. His Judas is magnificently real; so are his Caiaphas and his Pilate; and the best proof of this is that his tragedy contains no hint of the unredeemed villain of the theatre. The common-sense, the sanity of the whole thing are marvellous. You see perfectly that the priests are acting “according to their lights”—they are revengeful, perhaps, and unscrupulous, but there is not a doubt that they are fulfilling the law. They read it aloud, on the trial; and there is not a doubt that the sentence of death accords with it most strictly.

How much more could I not write to you of this marvellous drama! But time and paper fail me, and I will add only that it is to be played yet six more times before October comes, and then not again till the century has come to its end—till the year 1900 which is now coming to look so nigh!

Your faithful,

MUS IN URBE.

GESTURE.

BY JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Gesture is a subject far too large to permit of exhaustive treatment in the limited space allotted to it in this article. Beside which it is probable that the general reader would not find such treatment either interesting or serviceable. A glance at the theory of gesture, and a few hints upon its practice, are, therefore, all that will now be attempted.

Gesture belongs to the language of visible bodily motion, appealing to the eye as the invisible motion (sound) appeals to the ear. It is usual to confine the term gesture to the movements of the arm and body, not including facial movements; the term is used here, however, to indicate all motion outside that directly concerned in the production of oral speech, i.e., that of the body, legs, arms, hands, fingers, head, face, eye, &c.

It is needful at the onset carefully to distinguish between dramatic action and elocutionary gesture. The first is strictly *imitative*, being required accurately to represent nature, copying her every movement and manner exactly: the second is merely *suggestive*, concerned with intimating rather than with imitating. For instance, such action as kneeling in prayer or springing forward to seize some one or thing; in elocution the bowed head would take the place of the bent knee, and the forward motion of the arm be substituted for the springing of the body. Of course there are exceptions to this—times when the restrictions of elocution are left and the dramatic element introduced. These are, however, comparatively rare in platform speaking and reciting.

This silent language (gesture) is of great service and is highly effective. To point to an object is sometimes more expressive than naming it. To

shake the fist, shrug the shoulders, to toss the head or contract the forehead are signs as easily understood as written or spoken words. Yet gesture is not a substitute for, but an auxiliary to speaking. It is not inserted to make up for deficiency of speech, but to add to its effect. The more efficiently a speaker uses his voice the less need is there for gesticulation. Gesture is a form of emphasis, to be used when the powers of speech are insufficient to accomplish the desired effects. Still, when all is done that can be done by clear articulation and adapted voice movement, there is still a wide sphere left for the employment of gesture.

Gesture is never silent. This, though paradoxical, sets forth an important truth. Some speakers, whose distaste for what they call “the theatrical” leads them to eschew gesture altogether, especially need to meditate upon this fact. A speaker cannot do with his body as he may do with his voice, namely, silence it by stillness. The body does not cease to communicate when it is motionless. True it may not, as it should, indicate the speaker's thought and feeling; but to the extent possible it will say something. An inappropriate or unbecoming attitude—stiff stillness—will announce itself independently of the requirements of the speech or the wishes of the speaker. A smile, a frown, a haughty or kindly look, a graceful or graceless position, each will speak its presence and tell its story, whether the speaker desires it or is averse to its utterance.

Seeing then, that the body *will* speak, it is of the greatest importance that it should say what the lips are saying; that action and speech be co-operative. What can be more incongruous than words issuing from a body which exhibits no more sympathy with them than an organ case does with the sounds proceeding from it. There should be *unity of purpose* in all the modes of communication. When not working together they are antagonistic to one another; when the body does not support the voice, it opposes it. An earnest tone and a careless look, a merry speech and a sad countenance, a passionate appeal and an indolent position, a description of calmness and peace with demonstrative gesture, &c.—to produce such contradiction is to divide a house against itself in very truth. Gesture, then, when rightly introduced, points, intensifies, colours the respective idea, thought, and description, the lips are engaged in making known. But not only must speech and gesture *generally* be co-operative, but all the separate departments of gesture need to be so too. One action must never contradict the other; there must be unity of expression *throughout*. To clench one hand while the other hand is relaxed, to have a careless posture and a determined look are at once recognised as representing conflicting statement.

All gesture must be compulsory. Action must grow out from the words it is used with, not simply be attached to them. The circumstances themselves should demand the movements—both as to time and manner. Instruction indicating when and how the arm is to be lifted, at what point the eyebrows are to be raised and when lowered &c. (plentiful enough on some works on elocution), do but suggest either the foolishness of the teacher or the stupidity of the taught. Movements of the body, like movements of the voice, must work from the centre to the circumference, the emotions finding a vent in the gross movements of the body as they do in the more subtle movements of articulate speech.

At the same time gesture should be strictly legitimate. Action cannot be left to the unguided and ungoverned emotion of a speaker. This leads but to the pump-handle gesticulation so common to the pulpit and platform. There must be a definite purpose in every motion, gesture being governed and restricted by the laws of utility and grace. It must not be a mere vent for getting rid of surplus energy; a means of throwing off stimulus without regard to how it is got rid of. The purpose of every movement should be known and its production intelligently directed. Automatic ranting is but weariness to the flesh of both speaker and hearer.

The above statement, however, does not preclude the entrance of spontaneous action. It indicates a general truth, and does not necessarily define a rigid line of action. Gesture may be impulsive as well as premeditated. Still it is seldom safe to trust impulse to do more than suggest the movement; its actual production usually needs the help of art to insure its being rightly executed. This assistance may be either the result of adjustment at the moment, or—and this is decidedly the better way—the outcome of previous training, by which the various movements have been organised and disciplined in view of possible requirements. In this way the emotions do but, so to speak, move the lever by which the machinery is started upon a particular working.

This leads to the practical part of the subject, i.e., Drilling and disciplining the body so that it may render a fitting and ready response to

mental and emotional working. This is first Negative. Before there can be efficient doing there needs to be a certain undoing. Nothing, it has been said, is so difficult as standing still. This is not quite the truth: not standing still but *being* still is the difficulty—not only to be motionless but to be actionless. To stand at ease with every muscle relaxed, not immediately concerned in maintaining an equilibrium—body, face, and limbs, placid, restful—this is the first principle of gesture. How easy this is to think of, yet how difficult it is to do. Why? Because as a rule we are untrained in the art of resting. Oh, how much unnecessary work is done and what energy we waste in maintaining strained positions, both in sitting and standing!—energy which might be saved for useful service if we would but learn to make our position as restful and graceful as possible (grace and rest are synonymous in gesture). Learn first of all, then, to *permit* the parts not in actual use, to gravitate—hang; let yourself alone at all times when there is no call for action. Let the arm hang freely from the shoulder, the hand hang from the wrist, and the finger from the hand. Teach the face to fall naturally into a condition of rest, permit the legs when sitting to have as little to do as possible, and the body to be supported as far as circumstances will justify. Let this be done *habitually*, until the body gravitates by an instinct to an easy (graceful) position. The greatest test of good action is to make a lengthy pause without becoming fidgety, and to stand still without appearing uncomfortable. Let speaking be practised at first *without* any action whatever. This, beside being a most wholesome discipline in gaining control, will hinder the development of that fatal source of wrong doing—habit.

Turn we now to the Positive side of the subject. Regarding movement as a whole, it may be noticed first that all action should be Graceful (it will be remembered that this refers to elocutionary gesture, not acting). Graceful motion is dependent upon four things. 1. A well balanced position. 2. Co-operative action. 3. Circular motion. 4. Deliberate motion.

With regard to the first:—The general position should be one in which the weight of the body is equally distributed around a common centre. The muscular action necessary to preserve an erect position is thus reduced to a minimum, the weight on either side being counter-balanced by that of the opposite. Further, every movement of arm or leg, head or body, should take place so as to preserve this balance as far as possible. Thus the left foot should be advanced when the right arm is raised, and vice versa. Or again, when one arm is raised the opposite shoulder should be adjusted so as to maintain the level of the shoulders and preserve the balance of the body. Now this balance is concerned both with sight and sensation; with what is seen by the audience and what is felt by the speaker. For the latter the muscular *sense* should be trained to preserve the nicety of adjustment necessary to effect this end. For the second point—Co-operative action. In moving the head round in general the body should move too. In lifting the arm the hand should be raised independently of the arm, while the finger, if it is to be employed in pointing to an object, should also be raised independently of the hand; thus all the parts conspire together to effect the required gesture, each taking part in the movement. With reference to the third point—Circular motion. Nature works in circles. The highest form of motion is therefore circular. For graceful gesture, then, the movements should proceed in curves. In moving the arm from point to point the motion should not be along the most direct path, but should take a more or less circular course, and so on. Lastly, regarding Deliberate movement. Gracefulness is in the main opposed to hasty motion. The eye is always well pleased with slow movement, while rapid motion is generally disliked. Grace, it is true, may be coupled to speed, but not to anxious haste. This is not meant to imply universal slow motion in gesture; rapid movement is at times necessary to the faithful presentation of certain ideas. But as far as a suggested movements of elocutionary gesture are concerned they are, as a rule, best given slowly.

(To be continued.)

Many persons can neither understand nor feel the power of music; they were not made for music, nor was music made for them.

The capacity to understand the intricacies of music is extremely limited among the public; it frequently happens that the whole audience in an opera-house is thrown into uproar by one false note, whilst it listens not unwillingly, nay, even with pleasure, to pieces which are absolutely misinterpreted.—H. BERLIOZ.

THE DRAMATISTS.

XLIV.—HANS SACHS. "THE DEVIL AND THE OLD WOMAN."

The rough good-natured German farce of three centuries ago is a world away from the exquisite poetry of the drama then awakening in Spain and soon to find its highest expression in England. It is difficult to believe that not half a century before the masterpieces of Shakespearian comedy German humour was best represented by some such work as "The Devil and the Old Woman: a Shrovetide-play with four personages," which bears the date of the 19th of November, 1545, and is chosen to stand second in a recent selection from the dramatic works of Hans Sachs.

The four persons of the little play have, as is often the case in these farces, no names; they are described only as The Man, His Wife, The Devil, and the Old Witch. Each speech of every personage is preceded by the statement that it is a speech; instead of the brief *Ham., Hor., Oph.*, which introduces the sayings of Shakespeare's characters, Sachs gives us every time at full length, "The man says"—"The Old Witch says"—and so forth.

To begin with, "The man comes in and says" to the audience, in rough rhyme—there is no harm in modernising his German—

Gott grüss' euch all', ihr Biederleute!

Verarget mir's nicht, wenn ich heute

Zu euch herein komm', darum ich bitt'.

He wants to tell them of a terrible dream he has had; and his wife coming in, wants to know what is troubling him. So he tells his dream—which was merely that she had scratched his eyes out, but which still disturbs him sadly.

She gives him good advice, and bids him pay no heed to silly dreams; and he, reflecting that after all they have lived together for thirty years without a cross word, is comforted. So they go in to eat their porridge.

Then appears the Devil, announcing himself as the spirit whose business it is to stir up discord between happy pairs, and confessing that for thirty years he has tried in vain, by evil dreams and other means, to set this couple at loggerheads. He offers a handsome reward to anyone who will help him in this amiable task; and sure enough an old Witch comes in, overhears his soliloquy, and says that she is just the person he needs. He promises her his friendship if she will do what he wishes, but she prefers some more definite reward; and a pair of beautiful new shoes is settled upon as a fitting payment.

Then, as the Devil retires, in comes the wife, and at it the old Witch goes with the most straightforward wiliness. She warns the good woman that her husband is making love to a certain relation of his, and has lately spent no less than seven thalers on a present for her. The wife indignantly refuses to believe this, but is converted in the space of about twenty seconds, and goes, bewailing her husband's faithlessness.

The Witch's shoes are half won, and as soon as the Man enters she proceeds, with due preparation, to warn him that his good wife means to poison him, and has asked her unholy aid. As in the case of the wife, the husband allows half a minute of whispered scandal to upset the faith of thirty years—during which the tongue of slander must have been still indeed not to awake a suspicion thus easily aroused. He, like his faithful partner, goes in, swearing to give her an extremely unpleasant quarter of an hour; and moreover—being a man—he bangs the door after him. (Let it be noted that it is not at all clear where the scene is supposed to be laid. Most probably, indeed, there is no supposition about it, but the characters just come on to the platform to tell the audience what is happening.)

The Witch is sure of her new shoes; and the Devil comes in high spirits to tell her that the wife is "carrying on" finely in the house, whither her husband is just returning pale with anger. Then off again goes the Devil to see the fun.

The Witch is now *not* so sure of her new shoes; she knows her customer, and does not trust him. She draws a circle on the ground, and solemnly and formally summons him to return—with the shoes.

In a very bad temper he brings them, hanging over his shoulder on a peeled hazelwand. He had been enjoying himself amazingly, watching the fight between the once-happy couple, who are (he says) belabouring each other unmercifully—the honours so far lying with the lady, who has bitten her husband's ear off. Then the Devil very carefully hands over the shoes, suspended from the hazelwand; he will not trust himself nearer. He is *one* devil, he says, but an old woman is a legion: she has wrought in a day mischief that he had been trying in vain for thirty years to accomplish. "The old bear-leader," as Sachs ungallantly calls her, takes her

shoes, and thrashes the devil out of doors. Then the man returns, in pitiable plight, and tells the audience that he and his wife have at last found out how the Witch had cheated them; and the farce ends, like all of its author's, with a rhyme on his own name: Don't believe, like us, in mere scandal—

Pay not of cruel sport the tax.
"Good night unto ye," says Hans Sachs.

REAL RACING!

The coming production in Boston of Boucicault's "Flying Scud" by Messrs. Chapman, Sellers, and Lehnen will introduce to the public a newly patented device for the race scene. "This," said Mr. Chapman to the reporter of the "New York Dramatic Mirror," laying his hand on a round disc which was placed in the centre of the small model stage, and slightly elevated by a number of wheels, "is the platform or turn-table on which the horses, four in number, gallop. It is supported by fifty-six small wheels, which revolve on a plate four inches in width. This turn-table is 24ft. in diameter, and is composed of fourteen different sections. The axle, about which it is fitted, takes up a four-inch hole in the floor of the stage, and all the time required to fix the whole thing is two hours. The revolving of the disc in one direction operates, by the means of gearing tackle, on the panorama, which turn in another, so that perfect harmony of motion is obtained. The scenery goes at just the same speed in one direction as the horses seem to be going in the other. Both, revolving platform and panorama, can be set up on a stage 35ft. wide."

"And what about the effect of the race as seen from the auditorium?"

"That effect we have striven to increase as much as possible, and we think we have even surpassed all dreamt-of possibilities. Just before the race there is a jockey dance by twelve pretty girls. At the first bell they cease, and the preparations for the race begin. We have a force of sixty-eight supers to fill in the picture and make everything as close to the real thing as possible. There will be mountebanks, country yokels, farmers, clerks, pickpockets, welshers, policemen, bookmakers; in short, all the familiar types of a racecourse. And all these people will join in the spirit of the thing, not merely to look on in stupid silence. The pickpocket will appropriate the yokel's watch, the policeman will appropriate the pickpocket, the welsher will be chased by his victims, the clerk will back the wrong horse, and the bookies will yell out their prices.

"At the immediate left of the spectator is the entrance to the grand stand, into which the supers climb at the sound of bell number two. To the right are the bookmakers' stands, stretching away five rows deep in perspective. As the horses are signalled at the post a slight and novel change of scenery occurs in full view of the audience. The huge grand stand full of people moves bodily away further to the left, and until its front appears in view. The bookies' stand likewise falls back, and an unobstructed view of the field is procured. The third bell rings and the horses are off.

"Let loose on the revolving disc, they begin to gallop, each being held in by a wire harness invisible to the audience. The panorama flies past in a contrary direction, and the illusion is perfect. But a still better effect I have secured by attaching weights to each horse. By adding to, or lessening these, one horse can be made to forge a trifle further ahead than the others, which improves the effect wonderfully. At the end, of course, Flying Scud comes in first.

"After the race is over an intervening landscape comes in view for a few seconds, and then the horses reappear in a contrary direction to jockeys asking of the judge permission to dismount. All this time the uproar is kept up by the supers, hats fly up in the air, and bookmakers do a roaring trade. Still another effect I have introduced by having a huge fan in the wings, which raises a cloud of dust behind the horses."

(Happy audience—and happier actors!)

NOTES AND NEWS.

"Eh, sir, 'tis a proud woman Queen Victoria maun be this day!" said a canny Campbell when he heard that our Princess Louise was engaged to the son of the MacCallum More. Clerical readers may think that it is in some such spirit that we proclaim last Thursday to have been a proud day for the Church: for then some five hundred clergy—nonconformist as well

as conformist, but chiefly the latter—assembled at the Shaftesbury Theatre to witness the performance of "Judah." It is right that every man should do what he conceives to be his duty, and we are the last to quarrel with those eight parsons who thought proper to decline—in the most vigorous language—Mr. Willard's invitation; but we are glad to look upon it as a sign of the times, "and a good sign, too," that so many clergymen should thus make a point of going, publicly and in the face of all men, to the play. The theatre could do without the church, though it was sorry to lose so important and dignified a portion of the public; but the church would find it difficult—at all events in these later days of an even too prudish stage—to justify its neglect and ignorance of a means of public education and public good so all-powerful as the theatre. It is the presence of the educated and refined classes which is the best check on all grossness and ill-manners: from which, indeed, it is not the stage alone that has freed itself during the last half-century.

And we are glad to admit that the clerical audience behaved itself very well. There was no irreverence; yet there was an astonishing appreciation of the comic side of things. Mr. Jones's comedy in this play we take to be the best that he has ever written, but it is not altogether comedy for the gallery; and it is a fact that the clergy last Thursday proved itself to be the most cultured audience that "Judah" has ever had, by being far the loudest laughter at its jokes—and in proper proportion, the best jokes getting the most laughs. A hit or two at the materialists, and at the parson's old rival, the doctor, were very warmly received; and, though the audience perceptibly cooled at the Welsh minister's false oath, there was no opposition, while his final atonement aroused a wild enthusiasm.

A very interesting article by Mr. William Poel, in the "National Review," tells us much that—if we would only admit it—most of us did not know, about the stage in the days of Elizabeth. Then as now, it would seem, England was famous beyond the rest of Europe for the beauty of stage-scenery and appointments; then as now, there was the fear that the scenery might kill the poetry—as, to Mr. Poel's thinking, it effectually did. One mistake only we notice in this paper. Mr. Poel is no doubt right in supposing that the Elizabethan actors played much more quickly than the Victorian—your modern English stage-player is, in all probability, the most deliberate the world has known; but he is wrong, we believe, in thinking that Shakespeare was ever acted in *extenso*. In an early edition of "Hamlet"—the first, if our memory does not deceive us, after the First Folio—the passages omitted in performance are bracketed off; and the omissions are wholesale. Indeed, our modern actors even restore passages which in the seventeenth century were left out.

Sadler's Wells is open again, and Messrs. Wilmot and Freeman are managing it; but the tragedy of Phelps has given place to exuberant melodrama, Shakespeare to Duinas—and to playwrights very far inferior to him. Last week saw "Monte Christo" performed—and if that performance did not thrill the Islington audience, we fail to imagine one that could.

A union of "stagemen"—which means sceneshifters and not actors—has at length been formed, and seems to promise well. But a union of players, a combination against despotic managers, against the star system, against seven performances a week at the price of six—of this there is no sign whatever, sorely as it is needed!

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may be said to have created the clerical drama, and on Wednesday of this week he followed up his studies of the Vicar in his first comedietta, of the worthy dissenting parson in "Saints and Sinners," of Judah, the young Congregationalist, with a sketch of a deacon of the strictest sect of the Particular Baptists. It is unkindly suggested by a wit at our elbow that this, his last parson-play, might not unaptly be christened like his first, a Clerical Error; but indeed, though the latest produced, "The Deacon," was one of the earliest written of Mr. Jones's comedies. He will hardly be ill-pleased to be told that he has improved, and that the two-act trifle which showed promise in 1880 is hardly up to the standard by which in 1890 he has taught us to measure him. Mr. Willard, admirably made-up as the old Dissenter, gave us a further proof of his remarkable versatility, and Mr. Fulton played very agreeably as the necessary light-comedian of comedietta. Miss Hill, as "the Juliet of to-day," was not without promise, and Mrs. Macklin—an actress much too seldom seen—was very happily chosen for "the Juliet of fifteen years ago."

Mr. A. M. Palmer and other American managers are in our midst, stealing from us the best of our actors and actresses. Mr. Willard has come to his "last weeks" at the Shaftesbury, and with him is to go little Miss Hatton. Mr. Henry Neville, though on the eve of departure, gladdens us with the promise "Stay but a little, I will come again"—and indeed we could not afford to lose such an actor for long. Then Mr. Arthur Dacre goes across the water in a month—an actor whom we see much less now that he has added to his natural gifts of good looks and enthusiasm the experience which has trebled their value—and his wife, Miss Amy Roselle, goes with him. Miss Roselle has as yet made no arrangements for her appearance in New York; but it cannot be that she will stay there long without showing our American cousins how well-earned was the reputation she won in "Caste," "A New Trial," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and a hundred other plays.

MR. F. R. BENSON.

When he was at Oxford Mr. Benson was chiefly distinguished as a three-mile runner. When he went on to the stage he would play, though almost a novice, half a dozen Shakespearian parts in a week whose mornings and afternoons were filled with the hard work of rehearsal; an athletic feat considerably greater than that of defeating Mr. Hough at Lillie Bridge. How much sheer physical force is needed by an actor of great tragic parts few people know; but it is clear that this immense gift at least is Mr. Benson's. That he has more than mere muscle his Othello showed. A fine voice; refinement and education; and more than all, a certain nobility of sentiment are his. With these he may go far; and sincerely we hope that he will—for the race of tragedians has almost passed away.

REVIEWS.

[From Jos. Williams.]

"The Primrose," song, words by Herrick, music by Mules Brown. A graceful, refined and well-written song, the harmonies of which are modern and effective, and the style above that of the ordinary ballad.

[From E. Ascherberg and Co.]

"Flowers of the Past," song, words by F. E. Weatherley, music by L. Denza. One of this well-known composer's best efforts. To be had in three different keys to suit any compass of voice.

"Mine Again," song, words by Jessie Moir, music by Frank Moir. Will be generally pleasing and acceptable to singers, as it is well laid out for the voice. The melody is rather lacking in originality.

[From Swan and Co.]

"Good Night," serenade, words by Henry Bellingham, music by Henry Tolhurst. Very poetical lines, set in a fresh, graceful and unhackneyed manner; altogether an effective tempo song. By the same composer, with words by Edward Oxenford, is "Toilers of the Sea," a well-written and descriptive song in the style of the popular "Three Fishers."

[From Marriott and Williams.]

"Homeland," words by Smedley Norton, music by Edith Marriott. This song composed expressly for Madame Belle Cole, will be a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of contralto singers. There is nothing strained either in tune, words, or accompaniment, yet the work is by no means commonplace.

[From Metzler and Co.]

"Golden Summer," words by Edith Prince Snowden, music by Howard Talbot. A love scene, passionate yet healthy in tone and style. The melody suits the sentiment and words, and the well-harmonised accompaniment is equally appropriate.

[From Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.]

"First Mazurka" and "Second Mazurka" for the pianoforte by J. Albeniz. In these bright, flowing and graceful pieces the Spanish composer departs somewhat from his "usual" national style. No. 1 has, perhaps, more harmonic variety than its companion, yet the latter seems to be the more spontaneous and generally distinctive. Neither of these mazurkas is, if we except certain stretches, difficult of execution.

"Last Night," a set of Valses on Kjerulf's popular songs by Dan. Godfrey, jun. A judicious selection, from the Norwegian composer's songs, of melodies which readily lend themselves to valse treatment, and to which the "Evensong" forms a dreamy and delicate introduction.

The Organ World.

NOTES.

M. Clément Loret, organist of St. Louis d'Antin, and professor of the organ at the School of Classical Music, Paris, has published in the "Révue Archéologique" an interesting article on the history and construction of the hydraulic organ. After confirming the statements made by Mr. W. Chappell in his "History of Music," that the instrument was invented by a barber of Alexandria, named Ctesibius, M. Loret describes the mechanism of the instrument, and verifies the truth of passages found in Hero and Vitruvius. The descriptions, which are exhaustive, are further enhanced by a number of engravings which serve to convey a clear idea of the construction of the various parts and the method of tone production. The details and peculiarities are too numerous for mention here, but those to whom the subject possesses interest will find much that will repay them for a perusal of the article, which, moreover, has considerable historical value. M. Loret also confirms Mr. Husk's opinion, expressed in the article on the organ in "Groves's Dictionary," that the hydraulic organ remained in use up to the twelfth century, although St. Augustine mentions the use of the wind-organ, which eventually entirely succeeded it in the fourth century.

A short time since, in an article which appeared in these columns, the hope was expressed that some ingenious inventor would succeed one day in applying to the organ a key-board of sensitiveness to touch equal to that possessed by the modern "grand." This, "Le Menestrel" announces, has been accomplished by M. Barthélemy Laurent, who has placed his invention on view at the establishment of Messrs. Alexandre et fils at Paris. If the invention accomplishes all it professes it will doubtless soon reach London, and receive the attention of our organists. It is obvious that with such a capability to produce delicate gradations of tone and phrasing the artistic powers of the king of instruments would be enormously increased.

We extract from the least vicious of church papers, "The Church Review," the following interesting account of an American organ (the term is here used in a literal sense):—"The organ in use in Hedding Methodist Episcopal Church, East Seventeenth-street, New York, has a peculiar history. It is one of the oldest instruments in the city, and one of the finest specimens of early American organ building. It was built for the first Presbyterian church of New York about 1839, and placed in the building in Wall-street. This church was built in 1719. In 1844 the congregation divided, and those members living in Jersey City, of whom there were a large number, had the edifice taken down stone by stone and moved across the Hudson. It was rebuilt in Washington-street, Jersey City, where it stood until a year ago known as the first Presbyterian Church of Jersey City. The organ followed the ancient stones in their travels, and was used constantly in service till the church was taken down to make room for buildings for business purposes. The pastor of the Hedding church accidentally heard of the destruction of the old church, and bought the organ at auction. It was brought to New York, given a thorough overhauling by the successors of the man who built it half a century ago, and put up in the Hedding church. No stranger at service, says the New York "Churchman," would suppose that the instrument had had fifty years of busy life. In shape it is unlike anything of modern construction, but the pipes are of ordinary shape, though very large, and of a thick German composition metal much more valuable than the material of any organ pipes of the present day. The tone is sweet, and musicians say the instrument has become mellowed with age, like some carefully kept violin. The organ possesses a remarkable feature in having on the manuals a sixteen-foot open diapason. The maker worked according to specifications furnished by Dr. Edward Hodges, then organist of Trinity Church. The case is of classical design, and singular to say, corresponds exactly with the exterior architecture of the edifice in which it has found a resting place."

The organ recital at the People's Palace, Mile End-road, on Sunday next will be given by Mr. F. Blablay Higginson, whose programme will include Merkel's "Sonata in C minor," a recently published "Toccata" by Eugène Gigout, and the "Final" to Widors' "Eighth Organ Symphony."

Dr. William Creser, the talented organist of Leeds Parish Church, and composer of several well-known works, one of which, "The Sacrifice of Freia" was produced, it will be remembered, at the last Leeds Festival, has been giving a series of organ recitals at the Edinburgh Exhibition. As might be expected from one so accomplished, Dr. Creser's programmes contained many items of interest to the musician—amongst them an old English Organ Concerto in D minor, by Stanley, who was organist to the Temple in 1734, and afterwards appointed master of the King's Band; a "Fantasia Concertante in A minor," by "Petralli," an admirable example of modern Italian organ music; a "Marche Triomphale," by M. Jules Grison, organist of the Cathedral Church at Rheims; and several musicianly and effective compositions for the organ by Dr. Creser himself. The interest of these recitals was greatly enhanced by an admirable selection of songs, artistically sung by Mrs. Creser.

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It is always interesting, though sometimes disturbing to our complacency, to learn what others think of us. Mr. Frank E. Dossert, the organist of St. Stephens, New York, has during his holiday visited our shores, inspected our organs and listened to some of our big players thereon, and has published his opinions in the "American Musician." He appears to have been much impressed with the Albert Hall organ, of which he gives an admirable description, speaking of it in high terms of praise for the fine quality of its voicing and grandeur of tone when "full." He also comments on the general superiority of the English diapason tone over that of most American organs, and with probable justness attributes the greater fullness and roundness of the former to the thickness of the wood and metal used for the pipes, which, he states, is twice that in ordinary use by American organ builders. He, however, objects to the radiation of the pedal-board as inconvenient in rapid pedaling. With Mr. Grimshaw's performance on the Liverpool Town Hall organ he was not greatly impressed, and assures his "countrymen in New York" that they have many who could play better; but he speaks of Dr. Martin, Dr. Bridge, and Mr. A. S. Eyre "as all three masterly performers," and deems "Mr. Eyre the best artist, his playing showing him to possess a more musical and sympathetic nature."

RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC IN BRISTOL.

BY A RESIDENT.

During the last two years a new impulse seems to have been given to music in our city, and musical life and interest have so strengthened and widened that Bristolians are encouraged to be sanguine, instead of downcast, with regard to the future.

The movement cannot be termed a revival, for its essence has been the calling into existence of new, and in many instances unsuspected forces, and directing them into fitting channels; and this has been done without detriment to previously-existing institutions, thus proving that the musical interest and sympathy of the place has been really widened and deepened, and not merely changed in direction. It is well known that orchestral and chamber music have been at a low ebb amongst us. Chamber concerts, and these of a high class, have hitherto been but indifferently patronised, whilst the history of our Monday Popular Orchestral Concerts—first began and carried on by Mr. George Riseley on his own responsibility, and later with the addition of a committee and a body of guarantors, and failing in both cases through lack of adequate support—is familiar to readers of this paper. After the second failure it seemed to many who had heartily supported and enjoyed the concerts that the best way to ensure an interest in, and an appreciation of the great orchestral works was to help the citizens themselves to become capable of taking part in them. The outcome of this feeling was the formation in October, 1888, of the Society of Instrumentalists. Anyone who paid the season subscription of one guinea was eligible as a member, no standard of proficiency being required. Thus the society was joined both by good players and by beginners, many being children only just learning to handle their instrument. A judicious sprinkling of professionals, however, was secured in each department, and the somewhat motley assembly was led by our resident violinist, Mr. T. Carrington, and conducted by Mr. G. Riseley. Increasing numbers soon necessitated a larger room than was at first engaged, and the Society removed to the Lecture Hall of the Museum, where the meetings

are now held. At first the works chosen were of a simple character, but soon the ambition of the players and their conductor led them to take in hand Mozart's Symphony in C, No. 1; and very excellent progress was made with it at the weekly meetings during the winter months, whilst overtures, marches, and pieces of a lighter kind were also studied. Meanwhile many began to learn to play some instrument, not with the hope of becoming eminent solo players—whose numbers must ever be comparatively few—but in order to have the pleasure of attending the practices and of joining, however feebly, in what was going on. Those, again, who could already play a little were stimulated to more earnest study by the hope of becoming valuable members of the band. The concert given at the end of the first season was an exceedingly creditable result of the work of the twenty rehearsals which had been held. A Mozart Symphony and overture, Beethoven's "Prometheus," overture and two of Mendelssohn's Marches, together with slighter pieces, formed quite an ambitious scheme for a first challenge of public favour: but the event fully justified the venture. During the past season the numbers of the Society have increased to 150, or rather more, and it now claims to be the largest amateur orchestral body in the kingdom. The weekly meetings were most regularly attended, and the earnest and hearty work done was shown in the marked advance conspicuous in their performances at their second "Ladies' Night," when Beethoven's Symphony in D, No. 2, was given in a most praiseworthy manner. The society also appeared on two other occasions during the season, once at a charity concert, and once being amalgamated with Mr. Riseley's band at the last of the Monday Popular Concerts. It is clear that the instrumentalists are at least learning the first essentials of orchestral playing, and they may therefore be expected to appreciate better performances than their own. Interest in orchestral works is awakened and stimulated, and there is no fear of its dying away so long as the capability of the listeners continues to increase. It is to this growing knowledge and appreciation, which is brought about by regular and systematic study, that we trust the future of our chamber concerts, Monday Popular Concerts, and orchestral music generally in our city. There is also another goal offered to the best players in the amateur society—that of a place in the band at the Monday Popular Concerts; and since the revival of these gatherings in the spring several ladies and gentlemen have taken part at each of the concerts, having attended special rehearsals held for their benefit, and many others are studying to fit themselves to do likewise. With all this work regularly going on and increasing we may reasonably hope that Bristol will be as prominent for her instrumental as she has hitherto been for her vocal music.

To turn to the choral bodies. It is not necessary to say much concerning the reconstruction and enlargement of the body now known as the "Bristol Choral Society," for this is chiefly composed of those who can already read music fairly well, and are in some degree accustomed to part-singing. The performance of "St. Paul" in May was the work of no new chorus, but of one thoroughly at ease and knowing no difficulties; and certainly a society which announces a performance of Brahms' "Requiem" must have an excellent opinion of its own capabilities; for which, no doubt, abundant reason will be forthcoming. It may here be said that many of the members of the Bristol Festival Choir have also joined the Choral Society (which is now some 500 strong), and these attend the weekly rehearsals of both societies with great regularity, thus showing an enthusiasm for choral singing which is a very encouraging sign. But it may not be superfluous to say a few words concerning the district societies which have been formed in connection with the Choral Society. For each Parliamentary division of the city there is a choral society with a conductor of its own, who conducts weekly practices. The fee of admission is very small, and all classes have readily joined. Very many hardly knew their notes, but with steady application rapid advance was made, and at the end of the winter's work a concert was given by each district society which was highly creditable to all concerned. There were thus from 600 to 700 of our citizens receiving weekly instruction in part-singing who had not done so before, including a large body of children, in whose interest a special society was formed. The chief promoter of this scheme was Mr. G. Riseley, who further encouraged the members by offering prizes for proficiency in part-singing and for reading at sight. I believe I am not wrong in stating that at least two quite remarkable voices have thus been discovered which would amply repay a musical training. In all this I have made but slight mention of previously existing institutions which still flourish unimpaired by the new movement, which indeed works chiefly in hitherto neglected places. When the Bristol Festival Choir and the classes in connection with it, Mr. J. Barrett's Choir, the chorus of the Bristol Musical Association under Mr.

Gordon, the Madrigal, Orpheus, and Gleemen's Societies, besides the numerous parish choral societies, many of which are doing excellent work, are all taken into account, I think it will be admitted that I am justified in the extent to which I have blown my Bristol trumpet, and in the prediction of a brilliant musical future for our city.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT WITH BROWNING, CHORLEY, SPOHR, AND MENDELSSOHN.

[From the "American Art Journal."]

It was towards the end of the summer of 1843 that Robert Browning and the writer went to dine with H. F. Chorley, the able musical critic of the London "Athenæum." He lived in Victoria Square, a neat little place of the prettiest and nearly the smallest houses we have seen, being only intended for a bachelor; or, at the outside, a married couple during the honeymoon, when, it is natural to suppose, they don't want to be out of each other's sight and hearing. Opposite to Chorley lived Thomas Campbell, "the Pleasures of Hope" man, as Jerrold used to call him, in distinction to another acquaintance of his, Lord Campbell, the law lord. Chorley had made the most of his *bijou* of a dwelling; the dining room was the front parlour, the back parlour was his writing-room, and where he kept his books; while the first floor, as they call the second floor in England, was the music and drawing-room. Here was a most capital piano, one of Broadwood's best, mellowed by time and judicious playing, for we need hardly add that Chorley was a most tasteful and accomplished musician both on the violoncello and piano; the latter he touched with peculiar grace and soul, bringing out of its wire and wooden frame tones steeped in the very deepest pathos.

After a very light and *recherché* dinner—where judicious ounces artistically cooked were more effective than pounds clumsily presented—and which we washed down with wines so very light and temperate that, had they been lighter they would have soared to the simplicity of water, we dismissed the soup, fish, flesh and fowl, and took to our dessert, where the same elegant economy was displayed—a little of each kind of fruit, fresh and dry olives, with a pint bottle of champagne, half a decanter of port, the third of a decanter of sherry, the fourth of a decanter of madeira, a small exquisitely-cut pitcher of fragrant claret, and last and first a pint of tokay in its original arm-a-kimbo coffin, urn, bottle or sarcophagus, which ever the reader considers as most appropriate. We ought to remark here that neither Chorley, Browning, nor ourself had then even touched a cigar or pipe. By-the-by, Chorley now and then took the tiniest pinch of fragrant snuff that ever titillated the olfactory nerves of an exquisite.

While we see him stand before us in our mind's eye, let us sketch Chorley. In person he was slender, and about five feet eight inches in height; his eyes were a pale blue, his hair light red, something between the carrot and the sandy; his complexion was not clear, but somewhat sallow, sicklied over with the pale cast of thought and affectation. He was a scrupulously exact dresser, although his taste was eccentric, since he delighted in the loud; for example, with pinkish gray eyes and light sandy hair he combined a bright blue necktie and a shawl vest of brilliant pattern. All these discordancies were, however, harmonised by his gentlemanly and engaging manners, despite a voice of the very squeakiest kind, which, strange to add, he now and then tortured into so melodious a shape that we have heard him sing on special and exceptional occasions a canon from the French with great taste, feeling and effect. As a crowning spell thrown into this cauldron of pinkish blue eyes, pale reddish hair, side whiskers of the same semi-sandy and carrot colour, light blue necktie, rainbow vest, squeaky voice and measly smile, the happy possessor of these numerous charms had a very mincing style of pronunciation. His conversation was, however, intellectual and entertaining; he had read much, travelled much, and wrote a very good, strong style, somewhat disfigured, however, by an attempt to crowd too many ideas into one sentence.

After dessert we all went up stairs to the drawing-room. Browning straightway sat down to the piano, and played with great power and taste several favourite pieces among others a fine composition which he declared was the tune the Normans sung as they came over the sea to the conquest of England. He had finished, and we were all engaged in a desultory conversation on music and everything else, when a coach stopped, and the next instant a thundering double knock shook the street door. As visitors

were very frequent to the musical critic of so influential a paper as the "Athenæum," we continued our conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by Chorley's servant entering the room and telling him that two gentlemen wished to see him. Chorley immediately went down stairs, and in a few minutes returned, followed by the two visitors.

"My dear friends, let me have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Spohr and Mr. Mendelssohn."

After exchanging salutations we sat down and entered into conversation. More than forty-five years have passed, and yet I see them all around me.

Spohr had a massive, almost heavy face, fine forehead and bald head, deep and solemn eyes, but his head seemed awkwardly placed on his shoulders, and gave one the impression of a lethargic nature. His voice was deep, and he spoke with great deliberation. He was evidently very little of the man of the world.

Mendelssohn was quite in contrast to Spohr. Tall and elegantly formed, with very dark hair and most expressive eyes—almost black; mustache and whiskers neatly trimmed, although sufficiently luxurious not to be prim; a winning and half melancholy smile; a most soft, almost womanly tenderness of address, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and depth made the great composer of dream music a most interesting person.

We had a glorious night till three o'clock (in the morning), Spohr on the violoncello, which he played as Milton might be supposed to play on the organ, accompanying Mendelssohn, who played with true inspiration on the piano. We had some selections from Spohr's own opera of "Faust," and several pieces of Mendelssohn's.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The great fourth "Deutsche Sängerbundes-Fest," which took place at Vienna from August 14-18, is considered to have been the most successful *fête* of the kind ever held in Germany. The number of singers was greater than ever (somewhere over 10,000). The processions were of extraordinary splendour, and even more extraordinary length. The patronage of influential persons was freely given, and the enthusiasm of the sight-seers was unbounded. But amidst all this profusion of gush we have not met with one word—at least in the North-German musical papers—about the musical performances. Not only did none of the critics think it worth while to attend so remarkable a ceremony, but none of them have even borrowed a few sentences about it from their Viennese *confrères*. These monstrous celebrations evidently do even less for musical art abroad than our own Handel Festivals do for us at home. They have their uses, no doubt, but those uses do not seem to be of a musical kind.

This is the season when the various conservatoriums and other teaching institutions of the Continent issue their yearly reports. At Cologne, where the director is that excellent and most active musician, Professor Dr. F. Wüllner, we learn that there are 316 pupils, who are taught by thirty-two male teachers (including the principal) and only one lady teacher. At the Raff-Conservatorium at Frankfort there are 168 pupils, who are under fourteen male and seven female teachers. This institution has quite a number of English and American scholars, many of whom will doubtless be heard of before long in their own country. A third, less known but even older school than the two former, that at Würzburg, has had during the past year no less than 537 male and 109 female pupils. But the cost is here very much smaller, which doubtless accounts for the fact of there being only eighteen teachers for such a large number of pupils. At Geneva also there is an apparently flourishing music-school, which has had no fewer than 705 pupils in the year.

Miss Margaret Macintyre has made her first appearance in Berlin as Leonora in Verdi's "Trovatore," and with great success. But regret is expressed that she should have chosen to sing in Italian, while all the rest of the company sang in German; and this is felt the more because it is believed that only nervousness, and not incapacity, prevents the lady from singing in the same language as her companions.

The success of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" as a stage-play at Vienna, where it has already been performed eighteen times, has naturally led other theatres to follow the same course. It is said that Liszt always wished his work to be produced in this way at Cologne, and now it appears his wish is about to be realised. The work will be brought out at the Town Theatre

in October, the Viennese production being copied in all respects as closely as possible.

In return for the favour shown to the performances of Wagner's operas by his company at St. Petersburg last year, Herr Angelo Neumann, the director of the opera at Prague, has produced at his own theatre a Russian opera, the "Cordelia" of Solovieff. But the work, which is founded on Sardou's drama "La Haine," and has not, as might be supposed from the title, any connection with "Lear," seems only to have obtained a *succès d'estime*. In Russia, however, it has a considerable reputation.

The death of Ed. v. Bauernfeld, the Austrian dramatist, on the 9th inst., has been noticed in our dramatic columns; but we may notice him here as belonging in some degree to the musical world, through his intimacy with Schubert, for whom he wrote a part, if not the whole of a musical piece, entitled "Der Graf v. Gleichen," which Schubert began, at least, to set to music, but seems never to have finished, as no manager could be found to undertake to produce the work. As this was the only instance of Schubert being invited to co-operate with any writer of real dramatic faculty, it seems very hard that the scheme should have been thus nipped in the bud. Bauernfeld also wrote, or adapted, the text for Franz Lachner's oratorio, "Moses." Lachner also died early this year, and thus, while the genius who completed the trio of friends died, at the age of thirty-one, the two who were only men of talent lived on to be nearly ninety.

Another death we have to record is that of the Marchese d'Arcais, for many years musical and dramatic critic for some of the best Italian journals, "L'Opinione" and the "Gazzetta Musicale;" but though an honest and able writer he was so hopelessly old-fashioned in his musical tastes that, except as regards music of the old Italian school, his opinions carried little weight. He died on Aug. 14 in his sixtieth year. About the same time Mlle. Pauline Dameron died in Paris—once an actress and singer of the second rank at the Paris Opera, but best to be known for her generous devotion to Auber in his extreme old age. During the dreadful days of the Commune which immediately preceded the master's death, he might sometimes be seen taking a little walk leaning on the arm of this faithful friend.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The lengthiest work in the classical portion of Wednesday's programme was—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—Raff's Italian Suite. The work is of course full of pleasing melody; but, wholly lacking in inspiration, it constantly reminds us that Raff, the most prolific of modern composers, is also the most unequal. The programme included a very tame and colourless rendering of Schubert's "Rosamunde" Overture, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, and Massenet's "Le dernier Sommeil de la Vierge." All these works and a few others—including Raff's and excepting

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Grieg's Suite—are played season after season, and we are quite sure that the supporters of these concerts would heartily welcome some additions to the *répertoire*. In the absence of Madame Zoë Caryll, Mr. Emil Bach played, with much success, the best known of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies for pianoforte and orchestra. The vocalists were Miss Amy Sherwin, Madame Tremelli, and Mr. Henry Piercy. Miss Sherwin's facile vocalisation was admirably displayed in the Polacca from "Mignon," Madame Tremelli gave "Nobil Signor," and Mr. Piercy was heard in "Salve dimora!"

The Prelude to the music written by Mr. F. F. Buffen in celebration of the centenary of Sir Moses Montefiore, and originally composed for the Crystal Palace, was announced for performance at the Promenade Concerts on Tuesday.

CAPTAIN THERÈSE.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company's new comic opera, "Captain Therèse," met with a cordial reception on Saturday last, and doubtless the title will long be seen at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in the illuminated letters which theatrical managers seem to think most representative of the glories within. The work seems to have been carefully designed to secure popularity; that is to say, the music, which is from the experienced hand of M. Planquette, abounds in tune capable of being effectively whistled. The plot is an improbable farrago of impossible events; several of the characters testify to the depth of their emotions by dancing; the parts are taken by accomplished actors and actresses, many of whom sing charmingly, and there are many ladies—of whom much is seen. Above all, the work makes no demand on the intellectual faculties. If with so many of the elements of popularity the work is not a success, public taste will prove to have considerably changed.

PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SOUTHSEA.—A large audience assembled at the Portland Hall on the occasion of Mr. Sims Reeves' farewell concert. It is superfluous to say that the reception accorded him was enthusiastic, especially when the old familiar strains of "Come into the Garden, Maud" and "Tom Bowling" were recognised. Time has robbed the renowned tenor of much, but there remain the perfect phrasing, the artistic refinement which are still unrivalled; and despite the absence of the old ring in the voice, the soul of the music lives, and Sims Reeves continues to touch the hearts of many who will remember him long after he has bade them farewell. The other vocalists on this occasion were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Amy Martin, and Mr. F. Davies, who severally received the applause they merited. Mr. Percy Sharman, the violinist, exhibited unusual talent and was highly appreciated. Mlle. Janotha was the pianist and Mr. Arthur Fagge the conductor on the occasion. Mr. Daniel Mayer is to be congratulated on the success of the concert he so successfully organized.

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